A SHORT

ACCOUNT

OF

ANN ROGERS.

By JOHN JOHNSON.

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ANN ROGERS.

Saturday, April 8, 1769,

I Went to ſee *Ann Rogers*, a young woman who had been for ſeveral years a member of the Society in *Dublin*. Two or three years ago ſhe believed God had ſaved her from all ſin, and ever ſince behaved in the moſt exemplary manner. "My body, ſhe ſaid, is exceeding weak: but Chriſt is precious to my ſoul, and has not ſuffered me in all my weakneſs and pain to feel one murmuring thought."

I enquired, How the work of God began in her ſoul? She ſaid, "May was ſix years I came to live with Mrs. *Riggs*, where *Mary Ferris* lived; at which time I had no notion of real, heart religion. But her behaviour ſtruck me, and not long after, I went with her one Sunday morning to the New Room. From that time I ſaw myſelf a vile helpleſs ſinner, of which I was convinced more and more; yet with ſtrong hope, expecting deliverance under every ſermon I heard, and in every meeting for prayer. But in about two months my hope grew weak, and I concluded God did not hear my prayers. Then deep ſorrow ſeized my heart, till one night going to bed, I cried earneſtly for mercy, and begged, that if there was any for me, I might wake time enough to attend the morning preach-

ing. I awoke at the time: in that moment I was enabled to believe, that God loved me. I rejoiced unſpeakably: I was happy in his love, and have never ſince doubted of his favour.

"This joy continued for ſome months, but with an earneſt hope of ſeeing greater things than theſe: thoſe words being frequently in my mouth, and almoſt continually in my mind,

Wreſtling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know!

And one day as I was ſitting in my room, the power of God came mightily upon me, and thoſe words were applied to my heart, in a manner I cannot expreſs, *Thou art all fair, my Love; there is no ſpot in thee.* It is impoſſible to tell how my ſoul was filled with love: ſurely it was angels food! I was called down to dinner, but could eat nothing: on this one ſaid, "*Nancy*, have you got *the ſecond bleſſing?*" I did not know how to anſwer to this, or what name to call it by. But I ſaid, I never was ſo happy in all my life: I am quite filled with love. And from that time I have continued, (except ſome weeks in the beginning of laſt year, when I was hurt by diſputing about a third perſon) *rejoicing evermore, praying without ceaſing*, and *in every thing giving thanks.* My particular prayer was, that God would give me all the grace which he had promiſed in his word."

From the time that this diſorder began, it was her conſtant prayer, "Lord, if I recover, let it be to thy glory; if not, thy will be done! Only do not take me hence, till thou haſt finiſhed thy work in my ſoul." "This, ſhe added, is my whole deſire. And I muſt bear this teſtimony, the Lord Jeſus hath always on his part, been faithful and gracious to me. And though, on my part, I have been much wanting, yet he hath borne with me, and mightily bleſſed my ſoul."

Her

Her mother told me, Yeſterday I thought ſhe was expiring: ſhe did not appear like herſelf; till ſhe broke out, "The goodneſs of God has been ſo manifeſted to my ſoul, that I could not ſpeak. Thoſe words were ſpoke to my heart, *I have loved thee with an everlaſting love.* And, *Thou ſhalt be mine, in that day, when I make up my jewels.* O! I have ſweet foretaſtes of heaven! I would gladly go to him my ſoul loves."

Sunday 9. I ſaw her again. She was then ſo weak, ſhe could hardly ſpeak to be heard. But after I had ſpoke a few words of the love of Jeſus, ſhe found ſtrength, and ſaid, "The firſt Sunday in February laſt, at the Sacrament, I did indeed eat his fleſh and drink his blood. The glory of the Lord ſhone into my ſoul, and I felt ſo much of his love, it was almoſt more than my feeble body could bear: it was a real foretaſte of heaven." She ſaid, "Three nights ago I was in exquiſite pain, ſuch as I never felt before: but every pain was a ſpring to my ſoul, to lift me up to heaven. I could thank him for all, and methought I would not recover for the whole world. Indeed the love of Jeſus ſo raviſhes my ſoul, that I would not have one pain leſs than he pleaſes." Then correcting herſelf ſhe ſaid, "Pain! It cannot be called pain: his preſence makes it heaven to me!" One ſaid, "He has brought you through the wilderneſs, within ſight of the good land." She ſaid, "O yes! O yes! He has. And he will be with me through the valley; this I cannot doubt." I then took my leave, and ſaw her no more. What follows, I had from thoſe that attended her.

She exhorted all that came, particularly thoſe that ſat up with her, To redeem the time. To one ſhe ſaid, "O *Sally*, turn to God with your whole heart: you have but little time:" and to them all, "Make haſte! Get ready! You have no time to ſpare."

Afterward Satan was permitted to thruſt ſore at her. Waking out of ſleep, ſhe began to reproach herſelf for ſleeping; ſaying, "If I had not ſlept, it would not have been thus with me. I cannot doubt of the favour of my Lord: neither can I fear his caſting me into hell. But I am tempted to think, I ſhall have ſore diſtreſs at the hour of death." This laſted ſome hours; but in the evening ſhe ſaid, "Chriſt is come, and Satan is gone." Nor was he ſuffered to troub'e her any more. All that followed was peace and leave.

Yet ſhe was exceedingly concerned for her mother, leſt ſhe ſhould not freely give her up to God. Her mother was aſked, Whether ſhe could or no? She anſwered, "Since it is the will of God to take her, I do give her up freely." And this reply gave her entire ſatisfaction.

The day before ſhe died, the thought of being for ever with the Lord, was tranſporting to her ſoul. But ſhe ſaid to her mother, "I charge you, when I am dead let none of the wicked come into the room. Let it be filled with thoſe that fear God: and while they are ſinging the praiſes of God below, I ſhall be ſinging with them above."

About three in the morning ſhe ſaid earneſtly, "O precious Chriſt! O precious Chriſt!" Theſe were her laſt words: but ſhe ſtill expreſſed her happineſs, ſometimes by lifting her eyes towards heaven, and ſometimes by looking pleaſantly on thoſe about her, till her ſight failed, and her ſpirit went up to ſee God.

Some years before ſhe died, ſhe now and then wrote down a little of her experience. I believe theſe accounts, imperfect as they are, will be acceptable to the pious Reader.

"April

"April 10, 1764. The Lord has bleſſed me in a wonderful manner. Glory and praiſe to his great name! O that thy praiſe may dwell on my heart! O my Lord, enable the unworthieſt of thy ſervants, to give thee thanks for thy unſpeakable love! O that I could invite all to taſte and ſee how good thou art, how full of truth and grace! O thou unexhauſted fountain of love, enable me every moment to caſt myſelf upon thee, and to receive out of thy *fulneſs grace for grace.*

I continued thus for five days, yet with many wanderings from my God: but I had a cry in my heart, dear Lord deliver me from a heart ſo prone to wander from thee.

Tueſday, May 22. As I was at my work, thoſe words came to my heart with power, *I will take away the heart of ſtone, and will give thee an heart of fleſh.* I was loſt in wonder, yet found unbelief, till thoſe words were ſpoke to my heart, *Ye are clean through the word I have ſpoken.* I found a change in myſelf from that moment, and could ſay, I love thee with every faculty of my ſoul. Truly I can ſay, that God is love! and that he delights to do his needy creatures good.

September 14, 1765. I had a greater deſire than uſual to retire from the world: yea even from the converſe of the holieſt chriſtians, to wait upon God alone. I wanted to have a cloſer acquaintance with the bleſſed Jeſus. Happy he that can go to God at any time, praying to him with faith and fervency. My God, all my ſoul cries aloud for more of thy light and love! O my Lord, manifeſt thyſelf in me more fully! None living has greater cauſe to love and ſerve thee.

Sunday 15. The ſermon at Church cauſed ſome heavineſs; but I was refreſhed at the Lord's table.

O Jeſus,

O Jeſus, aſſiſt me to look through every means, to thee, the fountain of life and love!

Monday 16. The ſermon was as marrow and fatneſs to my ſoul. I did truly wait upon God. I have been happy this whole day: Jeſus hath been precious to me. I found him in every means of grace: he is near me in every time of need. I ſee much of my helpleſſneſs and weakneſs.

Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

Tueſday 17. I have found this day moſt comfortable communion with Jeſus, and free acceſs to the throne of grace. Yet I have been greatly tempted: but the Lord ſtood by me, and made a way for me to eſcape. I want to be all attention to his voice, and to be more dead to the things of time and ſenſe: let me have no will, O Jeſus, but thine! Let thy will be done in me and by me!

Wedneſday 18. This morning I was ſo ſtupid I could hardly pray: but thou art not extreme to mark what is amiſs. All the day I was much hurried in buſineſs, and could not attend the public means of grace. But in the evening he made up the want, giving me free acceſs to him in prayer: and therein he graciouſly refreſhed my poor drooping ſoul. O my God, let the fire of thy love burn up whatever is not agreeable to thee. And let ſuch a ſenſe of thy free, unmerited love reſt on me, as may keep me ever low at thy bleeding feet!

Thurſday 19. This whole day, though much employed in my buſineſs, the Lord ſtood by me, and enabled me to look to him. In the evening he made a way for me to hear his word, and I found it good to wait upon him. He does fulfil his

his word, *They that wait upon the Lord, ſhall renew their ſtrength. They ſhall run and not be weary: ſhall walk and not faint.*

I daily ſee my unprofitableneſs. My ſhortcomings are many; yet he freely pardons: I ſee that my ſtrength is perfect weakneſs; that if Jeſus left me a moment, I ſhould fall. And we cannot be any otherwiſe ſaved, than by a conſtant looking to him. O Jeſus, keep my eye fixed on thee, till I am looked into all thy lovely likeneſs.

Friday 20. I found much of the goodneſs of the Lord. I want to love him more, that I may ſerve him better. I do not love or praiſe him as I would: but he does *not deſpiſe the day of ſmall things.*

I find he viſits me with his love in a particular manner, before any particular trial. A trial I met with this evening cauſed heavineſs for a time; but I was comforted under the ſermon. How numberleſs are thy thoughts of love to my ſoul! They are more than the ſands on the ſea-ſhore.

Saturday 21. I found my mind frequently wandering. O thou Friend of ſinners,

Settle and fix my wavering ſoul
With all thy weight of love!

I was variouſly tempted, and I reaſoned with the temptation, which increaſed it more and more, till Jeſus ſhewed me, it was from an enemy, and graciouſly delivered me. O teach me wiſdom, to know his devices, and pardon my unfaithfulneſs! Strengthen my faith, confirm my hope, and perfect me in love.

Sunday 22. This has been a Sabbath of reſt to my ſoul. Glory be to thy great and glorious

Name!

Name! O thou fountain of love, what ſhall I do to praiſe thee for thy free grace to the moſt unfaithful of thy children? O what cauſe have I to eſteem thy word? It is *ſweeter than honey or the honey-comb.* I am athirſt for all that Chriſt has purchaſed for me. I long for more of his meek and lowly mind! The mind that beareth all things: O that every thought may continually riſe to thee!

Monday 23. This has been a happy day to me, the moſt unworthy of thy children. I have had a conſtant ſenſe of the preſence of my Beloved, comforting and refreſhing my ſoul. *I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.* Yet I ſee that my wants are many, and that there are heights and depths to be attained here. I am truly aſhamed before God of my own unprofitableneſs. Yet he graciouſly paſſes by all my follies, without even upbraiding me. Yea, he applies with power that comfortable promiſe, *I will betroth thee unto me in righteouſneſs, and in judgment, and in loving-kindneſs and faithfulneſs; and thou ſhalt know the Lord.* I know thee; but I long to know thee more, O thou that art altogether lovely!

Inſatiate to this ſpring I fly:
I drink and yet am ever dry.
Ah! who againſt ſuch charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough!

Tueſday 24. I was cloſely aſſaulted by the enemy. He purſueth hard after me: but when he *cometh in like a flood, Jeſus lifts up a ſtandard againſt him.* He brought many heavy accuſations againſt me. I durſt not ſtay to reaſon with him for a moment. But I flew to Jeſus as for my life, and cried to him to deliver me. And he did ſo, by applying that promiſe to my heart, *My grace is ſufficient for thee.* I find it is, even for *me.* The name

name of Jeſus is a ſtrong tower, where the righteous may always reſort. I ſpent great part of this day in viſiting the ſick, and found it a bleſſing to me. How much *better is it, to go to the houſe of mourning, than to the houſe of feaſting!* How glad ſhould I be of more time, to ſpend among thy afflicted followers? But in this, as in every thing beſide, *Not my will, but thine be done.*

Thurſday 26. I find this day, thy love is better than life. Thy ſtrength is made perfect in my weakneſs. I long to be wholly given up to thee. I viſited one of our ſick friends, and my ſoul was refreſhed with her. To enjoy thy preſence on a ſick bed, is unſpeakable happineſs. Then nothing will do, but a real intereſt in a crucified Redeemer. It is only the bleſſed experience of this, which then gives true peace, freedom from all anxious care, and reſignation in pain. Our anchor is caſt within the veil: our hope is full of immortality. O glorious hope of perfect bliſs! And am I a partaker of this hope?

O wondrous grace! O boundleſs love!

Friday 27. O Jeſus, what haſt thou done for me! What ſhall I ſay unto thee? This I can ſay, that I love thee: and let it be with every faculty of my ſoul! I do find *thy name as ointment poured forth.* Thou *leadeſt me in green paſtures, by the ſtill waters of comfort.*

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever thankful ſoul, O Lord,
Thy goodneſs ſhall adore.

Saturday 28. This morning I had a trial, but Jeſus ſtood by me, and kept my mind in peace. Viſiting a friend in the evening, I was much comforted. God was with us of a truth. O how

full

full of love are thy thoughts toward me! All things ſhall work together for my good.

Monday 30. This has been one of my beſt days. I think I never had before ſuch a ſenſe of the goodneſs of God to me, and my entire dependance in him. My ſoul has been upon the ſtretch for all the fruit of the Spirit. I never ſaw ſuch beauty in humility, and felt ſuch a deſire after it.

The following Paper bears no date.

"O Jeſus, how richly haſt thou provided for me here? Thou giveſt me a large earneſt of my inheritance. Already thou doſt give me to drink of that fountain of living water. O that it may be in me as *a well of water, ſpringing up into everlaſting life!* O thou faireſt among ten thouſand, what haſt thou done for ſuch a worm as me! Thou haſt purchaſed for me holineſs and heaven: yea, heaven upon earth. Thou doſt give thyſelf to me, and with thyſelf all things. Be aſtoniſhed, O my ſoul, at the large inheritance which thy Jeſus has purchaſed for thee! Behold the rivers of pleaſure that flow at his right-hand! And there thou ſhalt behold his face without a veil."

"Far from a world of grief and ſin,
With God eternally ſhut in!"

F I N I S.